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For the Herald and Journal.
The late Professor Caldwell, of Dickinson College, Carlisle, a short time before his death, addressed his wife as follows: "When I am gone you will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep. You will not mourn for me when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time; do not go in the shade of the evening or in the dark night. These are no times to visit the grave of the Christian; let go in the morning, in the bright sunshine, when the birds are singing."

Dearest, when I have passed
To the bright home of love,
Hymning the spirit's praise
To Him who reigns above,
Weep not with bitter tears,
Mourn not for me, beloved,
Remember in thy grief
How good has been our God.
Remember 'twas His love
That freed me from earth's care,
And in that hour of woe,
To Him direct thy prayer;
He will sustain and bless
The heart He touches now,
He'll soothe away thy tears,
The shadow from thy brow.
And when they lay me down
In the green earth to rest,
Of all thy haunts I know,
That will be loved the best.
But come not there in gloom,
When daylight fades away,
Such hour is meet for those
Whose brightest hopes decay.
Come not at twilight hours
To see the Christian's grave,
Come when the sunlight falls
On flowers that o'er it wave;
Come, when the hymn of birds
Is wafted o'er the sod,
Let bright things speak of him
Who resteth with his God!

ORIS.

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

The following is the introductory portion of the dissertation of M. Villeman on the Christian Church of the fourth century. The dissertation formed a part of his course of lectures as Professor in the College of France. He is perhaps best known to American readers as Minister of Public Instruction in the cabinet of Louis Philippe.

"The fourth century is the grand epoch of the Primitive Church, and the golden age of Christian literature. In the social order, it was then that the church was founded, and became a political power; in eloquence and letters, it was then that it produced those sublime and brilliant geniuses, whose only rivals have been among the sacred orators of France during the seventeenth century. How many great men, indeed how many eloquent orators, filled the interval between Athanasius and St. Augustine! What prodigious intellectual advance throughout the whole Roman world! What talents consumed in mystic debates! What power exercised on human opinion! What transformation of entire society at the voice of this religion that springs at a bound from the catacombs upon the throne of the Caesars, that wields the sword of justice after its edge has been blunted by her own martyrs, and that is no longer imbued in blood save by its own dissensions!"

Often have I passed long vigils in turning over the leaves of those voluminous collections of the doctrine and the eloquence of the early Christian ages; it seemed to me like pursuing the memorials of the greatest revolution which has ever been wrought in the world. I sought in these theological libraries for the manners and the genius of nations. The lively imagination of the Christian orators, their confidence, their enthusiasm, revived before my eyes a world which no longer exists, and which their ever active and impassioned words seem to have transmitted to us, far better than history. The most abstract questions were personified by the heat of the discussion, and the truthfulness of the language; all seemed interesting because all was sincere. Great virtues, ardent convictions, strongly original characters enlivened this picture of an extraordinary age, wholly devoted to metaphysics and theology, and for which the marvellous and the incomprehensible had become the natural order and reality.

With this altogether dreamy and altogether ideal life, there came to be mingled, by a perpetual and always curious contrast, the incidents of common life, the passions, the ordinary views of our nature. The blending of civilizations and of nations, brought together by a cosmopolitan religion, further augments the singular variety of this spectacle. Christianity acted diversely, was received at different degrees by nations equally bent beneath the Roman yoke, but distinct in origin, manners and climate. Their primitive character re-appeared to the advantage of the religious enthusiasm which enfranchised them from terrestrial bonds. The Syrian, the Greek, the African, the Latin, the Gaul, the Spaniard, carried into their Christianity the shades of their characters; and heresies, at that time so numerous, were often national rather than theological.

The writings of the Fathers are an image of all these varieties. In the midst of controversies and of mystical subtleties are unexpectedly found all the details of the history of nations, the whole progress of a long moral revolution, the decline of ancient usages, and obstinate adherence to them, the influence of letters prolonging that of creeds, new creeds commencing with the people, and availing themselves in their turn of learning and eloquence, orators replacing apostles, and Christianity forming in the midst of the ancient world an age of civilization, which seems separated from the Roman empire, and which, nevertheless, dies with it.

There appeared that Greek genius, for a long time depressed beneath the Roman yoke, but re-animated by the ardor of proselytism, and proposing to convert the world to its faith, instead of amusing its masters by vain eloquence. It shows itself almost at the same time at all points of the Oriental empire, it shines upon its native land, in Egypt, and particularly in that Asiatic Greece of which nothing remains, and which was so highly celebrated for its luxury and its wealth.

Athens is still, in the fourth century, the city of art and of letters. Full of monuments and of schools, it attracts all the studious youth of Europe and of Asia. It is peopled by those enthusiasts of the early age, who are at once eager for science and for the marvellous, who wish to penetrate all, to comprehend all; who seek for truth with restlessness and defend it with fanaticism. These youth follow the movements of their masters, interest themselves in their combats, in their triumphs, with the same ardor, the same excitement which in other days made the attentive crowd at the chariot race tremble and palpitate.

Noisy and studious, they fill the city of Athens with their games in celebration of the arrival of a new disciple, and they pass long hours at the lessons of the Academy. Athens is crowded at the same time with Christian churches, and with idols. Polytheism survives there, protected by the arts. The future defenders of the two systems of worship are found unconscious, in the same schools. These young men, so grave and so gentle, admired by their comrades whose follies they avoid, these two inseparable companions who, amidst the seductions of Athens, are familiar only with the road to the Christian church and that to the schools, are Gregory of Nazianzen and his friend; they are cited throughout all Greece—they excel in literature and in secular eloquence.

Near them often passes in silence a young man, with an irregular and hurried step, a look brilliant and full of fire, his hair suffered to fall down in curls, his neck slightly bent, his countenance changeable and disdainful. He wears the philosophical mantle, but the crowd which follows him announces his fortune or rather his peril. It is the brother of one of the Caesars, it is Julian, who, disarming the jealous hatred of the Emperor Constantine, has come to Athens in order to study literature in its sanctuary. He passes for a Christian, and Constantine has even made him take the title of *reader* in a church; but his love of Homer is the hope of those Greeks who are still attached to the old religion. They boast of his genius, his passion for the sciences; they promise great things of him, which seem to be justified by his rank, his talents, his youth, preserved by a marvellous chance from the cruelty of Constantine.

In Asia is seen Antioch with its churches and its theatres, that mixture of imagination and of effeminacy, which favors equally austerities and pleasures. It was there that the disciples of the new religion first received the name of Christians, a name spread two centuries afterwards over all points of the world. It was there that Libanius, a pagan, from love of Homer opened his school, which was followed by Chrysostom; it was there that Julian, having become master of the empire, and continuing to be a sophist, wrote satires against the Christians, his subjects. Antioch is situated on the banks of the river Oronte, in the midst of an enchanting plain, crowned by rough heights, upon which a few hermits are scattered; Christianity has obtained all of her demands, except the sacrifice of the circus and of the theatre; but no bloody games sicken this charming city. Festivals, nightly balls, parties of science and pleasure, occupy its peaceful inhabitants. The division of sects lead to no conflicts; they rail at each other without persecution.

Libanius writes tranquilly the panegyric of Julian, after his death amidst the ruins of polytheism; but the crowd throng around the young and eloquent Chrysostom. The sanctuary resounds with applause excited by his sermons. He is followed into the country, to the gates of the city; vast canvasses are stretched in the air to defend from the heat of the sun the numerous auditory intoxicated by the charm of his words.

Such is the life of these Greeks of Asia, who have become subjects of Rome, and Christians, almost without having changed their manners, their usages, or their genius. But elsewhere, in the writings of Athanasius, appeared Alexandria, as tumultuous, as full of storms as Antioch is peaceable; it is the mart of all kinds of commerce; the country of all sects. It is inhabited by at once the most contemplative and the most industrious of all men. Near this observatory founded by the Ptolemies, that immense library which is ceaselessly increasing, are innumerable work-shops. No one seems idle, except the philosophers. The whole day is spent in weaving linen, in fabricating paper, in blowing glass, in forging metals; even the blind work. In this multitude of inhabitants, of strangers, of travellers, there is no opinion, no sects, no singularity of manners or of doctrine, which is not concealed with impunity; there persecution never touches Christianity. A numerous and hardy population makes the Roman governors tremble.

No city is at once more studious and more agitated. The manners of the inhabitants are somewhat ferocious, and their hands are often stained with blood. They dispute with weapons the possession of a temple. They combat still more for their religious liberty. The influence of this dignitary is great upon the popular mind. Alexandria, by its commerce, furnishes Rome and Italy with wheat; and when it is wished to ruin Athenians in the opinion of the Emperor, the former is accused, with apparent reason, of the project of starving Rome, in suspending by his power the departure of the fleets from Egypt.

Constantinople, with its manners, its luxury, the imperial court and its vices, appears to even better advantage in the grand orators of the fourth century. It is the metropolis of the world and of religion. Here shine in turn upon the Episcopal seat, Gregory of Nazianzen and Chrysostom. But at the same time it is the point at which the seats invented by the subtle spirit of Alexandria and the philosophy of Greece centre; it is the theatre of the most splendid and the most profitable, by producing them at court, and by trying to gain over some chamberlain, or some eunuch of the palace. Here are shown in all their nudity the miseries of the Oriental empire, the capricious despotism of princes, the intrigues of the palace, the corruption of a great city too quickly made, which was neither Greek nor Roman, and seemed a colony rather than a capital. But Constantinople, in consequence of its newness, had nothing in its festivals, in its customs, which reminded one of the ancient religion. She was of the same date as the triumph of Christianity.

At Rome, on the contrary, Christianity had gained only half a victory. The two societies, the two religions, the past and the future, were in presence and at war. The temples, the circuses, the theatres, the very streets of Rome, all full of pagan monuments, nourished the religious zeal of a part of the inhabitants. Many senatorial families, especially, still adhered to the ancient religion, as to the glory of their ancestors. The people filled the Christian churches, and the cemeteries of the martyrs. The slaves, the poor, adopted the new law, wherein they found consolation and help. Already, however, accusations were brought against the vices of priests, the pomp and display of bishops. In the midst of the fourth century, the Episcopal See at Rome was contended for in a bloody combat. The pagans saw with joy these shameful disputes, and contrasted them ironically with the simplicity, the modesty, which they chose to recognize in certain bishops of the provinces of Italy. It is worthy of remark that, during this century, the Church of Rome did not produce a single great writer, or a single great orator, like those who were born in Africa, in Greece, in Asia; but it labored to extend its influence abroad; it sought dominion over the churches of Africa, of Gaul, and Iberia.

It aimed at governing men, rather than the glory of speaking well and of writing well; it tried to constitute itself arbiter of the numerous quarrels excited by the sophistical spirit of the Greeks; it offered its fellowship to the doctors of the East, who were persecuted on account of controversies, and whom they gained by giving them an asylum.

Scarcely any sect was formed in the Church of Rome. Its genius was in this respect the opposite of the Greek genius; it adhered to ancient formulas, made few innovations, dreaded change as a heresy, and without equalling the glory of the Church of the Orient, was sure in the long run to outvie it by a sort of temporal prudence and tenacity.

The Greek genius, more free and more bold, and having become, since the conquest of Alexandria, more Oriental than European, carried subtleties, allegories, into Christianity. Egypt and Asia Minor were its theatre; a thousand sects, a thousand strange opinions sprung up there from the superstitious imaginations of the inhabitants. The Romans, or rather the nations who spoke the Latin language, were somewhat less learned, less ingenious; they were but poor theologians at the side of the Greeks of Alexandria; but they were more calm and more sober in their opinions. They were distrustful of the subtle metaphysics which the Orientals blended with the dogmas of the faith; and that schism, that mutual repugnance which, many centuries later, separated the two churches, had its root in the early ages of Christian prodigism. Its trace ought also to be found in the oratorical monuments of the two literatures; but the parallel could not be exactly followed. Not only had the Oriental Church an incontestable superiority in imagination and in eloquence, but among the writers of the Latin Church all those who shone with great splendor seemed to belong to the Orient; some, indeed, had lived in Syria, in Egypt, and inhaled enthusiasm on the banks of the Jordan; others, born beneath the burning sky of Africa, were rather Orientals than Latins; the Roman language was transformed in their writings, and assumed a kind of sublime and barbarian irregularity. In this respect, they were innovators more than the Greeks; they formed in the midst of the West an epoch more singular and more distinct from the past.

N. Y. Recorder.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Long Congress—Appropriation Bills—Mail Steamers to Africa—Colonization Cause—Protections of Liberia—Steamers to be built—Their destination and time of sailing—Their influence on the Commerce of the United States—American Ocean Steamers compared with the British—Remarkable trip of the Pacific—Steamers on the Mediterranean—Favorable opinion in commerce to that sea—Receipts of the Cunard line—Proposed sail to the African line—The White House and Mr. Fillmore.

We have all heard of the Long Parliament. May not the present be called emphatically, the Long Congress? But like all things else beneath the sun, it must come to an end, and that end is at hand. "The last scenes" draw near. In four or five days the session must close, and within this short space more practical legislation must be forced, than has been the case during months before. Many important public measures must either fail or lie over until another session. No change in the Tariff can be effected, I think scarcely anything more will be done, except pass the Appropriation bills.

It is to be regretted that the bill to establish a line of Mail Steamers to Africa will not likely pass this session. Few measures are more important to the American people, as it furnishes not only the greatest facilities to the Colonization scheme, but involves considerations of the highest commercial character. In palm oil, gold, ivory, coffee and indigo, sugar, dye-woods, precious gums, and tropical fruits, there is an extensive and increasing demand. We send in return almost every article of American manufacture, especially provisions and domestic cottons. Millions in Africa have heretofore obtained their supplies of the latter articles from the East Indies; now they may be induced to purchase them from us.

The contemplated scheme is a vast and truly benevolent one. It is American and national. Three Atlantic mail steamers are to be built, and will make monthly trips to Liberia with emigrants, touching on their return at Spain, Portugal, France and England for freight and passengers. I think the vast foreign emigration to the United States would turn into this new channel. One ship would leave New York every three months, touching at Savannah; one would start from Baltimore in the same way, via Norfolk and Charleston, and another would sail from New Orleans with liberty to touch at any of the West India Islands. But to my mind, the measure is most important and interesting to the Colonization cause. Of all plans, suggested from time to time, to promote this most important object, no one combines such elements of success. Such a line once successfully established by the Government, State Legislatures will think more seriously of African Colonization. Larger appropriations will be voted, and more liberal aid given than ever before in aid of this great object. Various denominations and State Legislatures have approved of the plan. Maryland already has laid out \$200,000 in its prosecution; and Virginia recently has appropriated \$40,000 per year to aid the same object. Let the U. S. Government now give its high sanction to the colonization of Africa, by providing the means of transportation in this line of steamships. And then I doubt not, the people North and South who have not appreciated the advantages and capabilities of Liberia, will soon discover the vast importance of African Colonization, and liberally aid the magnificence of the enterprise.

I feel like an American, and once thought that brother Jonathan could not surpass in steam, and had better overtake John Bull on the ocean. But I have been mistaken. The recent, and more remarkably rapid passages of the Collins line over the Atlantic course have removed every vestige of my tears on this head. Only think of it! The Pacific reached New York in fourteen days, four hours and forty-five minutes, from Liverpool! And then too we cannot only travel quickest in our own ocean steamers, but we can say our prayers in our own way and when we please on board of them.

We should have something to do with steamers in the Mediterranean. An English company has just determined to run fifteen mail steamers upon this ocean, and some of them as far as Constantinople. No less than 298,703 tons was entered and cleared the last year between this sea and the United States, and our exports to that region of the world amounted to \$6,963,601; the imports, \$5,077,110. Hence the value of this trade should not be overlooked. Let these steamers go there, and our national influences will go there too. The Turkish Ambassador, now in Washington, is authorized by

the Sultan to contract for the building of steamers to navigate the Mediterranean from Constantinople. Our African line might readily connect with them.

The Cunard line receives about \$181,000 for each steamer, from the British Government, per annum, and they average 2000 tons each. Ours are to be twice as large as these, and the bill before Congress allows \$160,000 per annum towards the undertaking—a much smaller sum than is paid to the Cunard, and for vessels twice the size of his. What a noble line it would be too, to carry on missionary operations.

I have visited the White House several times, and have shaken hands with Mr. Fillmore. He is in fine health, and fine spirits. His family calculate to join him next month at the Presidential mansion, which is now fitting up for their reception.

DELTA.

For the Herald and Journal.

A WONDER OF GRACE. LEVI FRANKLIN.

Of the early life of Levi Franklin we know but little. He was born in the State of Vermont, in the year 1812. His parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and their house was a home for the weary itinerant. But of these guardians of his youth he was deprived when quite young.

At the age of twelve he entered into a solemn covenant with God, that if he would spare his life he would certainly give his all to him at twenty-one. Twenty-one came, and not being ready to fulfill his vow, he made a new covenant, that if God would spare his life he would without fail become a Christian at thirty.

Time moved on, and he became temperate. For seven years the house of God was entirely forsaken, and with the house of God, religious friends and serious thoughts. Thirty came, and found him at Brookfield, Mass. Fall approached, and the Methodists erected their camp meeting tent in a remote corner of the town, for the purpose of holding in it their third service on the Sabbath. This circumstance excited Mr. Franklin's attention, and reminded him of his vow. He entered the tent. In the course of his sermon brother Philander Wallingford, who was then stationed at Brookfield, referred to the case of an individual who promised the Lord that if he would spare him until a specified period, he would be his. The time came, and he was not ready. He broke his covenants with Jehovah. He set a second period. It came and he was not ready. A third. It came, it passed; and he died unconverted. "He means me," said Levi Franklin, "some one has been telling him my history." Though angry, he resolved that he would as soon as convenient attend church.

Then came the cattle show at Worcester, for 1842. As he started from Brookfield with one of his old associates, he said, "Now we will have something new. We will go to Worcester to the cattle show, and come home sober." It was agreed. But they thought to be saints while they still walked in the paths of sin! They frequented their old haunts. Who cannot forget the result? The first place they entered, Levi Franklin said to himself, "It will not do for me to leave off drinking at once, it will certainly kill me." So he drank. He entered another place. "It will not do for me to refuse here. They will think I am serious." Again he drank. About the last which he remembered, was that he pulled off both boots and socks. He next found himself, on the subsequent morning, in the house of a noble Washingtonian, who had discovered him by the side of the road, and like a good Samaritan, taken care of him. At the breakfast table his kind host suggested the propriety of his signing the pledge. "I am not going to sign the pledge. I can drink when I have a mind to, and when I have not I can leave off." His friend pressed the subject. "Well," he replied, "if I cannot come to Worcester to the cattle show without getting drunk and lying under the wall, I might as well sign." So they started for the centre of the town to get a pledge. On their way he recovered various articles of his apparel, which he had lost the day before; somewhere he was found by the Washingtonian, some in his old place of resort; but some had gone forever.

Though he was now sober, he was ashamed to return to Brookfield until he had recovered somewhat from the effects of his intemperance. He therefore gladly accepted the invitation of his benefactor, to return and spend the day with him. This man had, either in whole or in part, the charge of "The Red Factory" at Worcester, and they entered it together. A Baptist brother hearing of the case, came to Franklin and congratulated him upon the step which he had already taken, but added, "You will need something more than that pledge to keep you from falling." "I do not want," said Franklin, "to hear anything of that." But the good brother persevered. What he said was not remembered, for it was scarcely heard. Almost the first words had awakened in Franklin's mind the recollection of some remarks made by Bro. Wallingford, at the meeting in the tent. In a few moments Franklin clasped his hands and exclaimed, "Glory to God, I am a Methodist," and then began to exhort others to get religion. Thus he went throughout the manufacturing and through the adjacent boarding-houses, praising God aloud, and earnestly calling on all to prepare to stand with him in the judgment. In his enthusiasm he even went so far as to judge from the conduct and countenance of those who crowded around him, who were, and who were not children of God. "I am a poor, weak, ignorant man," he would exclaim, "but God has converted my soul. Now you, and you," pointing to different individuals, "are not converted, you are not ready to die, you are not ready to meet God. O! come friends, come to Jesus, come now." What wonder that mankind asserted, "He was certainly insane to-day." The Washingtonian especially, a Universalist I believe, was surprised and perplexed. His reformed inebriate was throwing the whole neighborhood into confusion, and deranging all the operations of the mill. Gladly, therefore, did they furnish him with money to pay his fare to Brookfield, and send him away.

On his return home he visited all his old associates, with whom he had so long lived in sin, and told them of the wonderful dealings of God with him, and urged them to seek the same great salvation. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and became a consistent, deeply devoted member. Occasionally he would leave his employment, go to Worcester, furnish himself with tracts and religious books, visit all his old associates in and around Brookfield, talk with them upon religion, pray with them, leave each some tract or good book, and then return again to his labor.

At the Hubbardston camp meeting in 1843, he received the blessing of entire sanctification; a blessing which we have reason to believe he

retained to the day of his death. During this Conference year, 1843, he was under my care, and seldom have I seen one who in all things inherited from his uncle, a house on the Quirinal, which was remarkable not so much for its architecture, as its grove; *non adificia, sed silva*. It showed more taste than cost; *plus salis quam sumus habebat*. No changes were made of mere show. Let me add, though, by way of digression, there were in that mansion a number of literary slaves, good readers and judges of books; indeed there was not a body-servant who had not these accomplishments. Something of the same mind was in the late poet Southey. "I would," says he, "either buy a house to my mind, or build one; and it should be such as a house ought to be, which I once heard a glorious agriculturist define, 'a house that should have in it everything that is voluptuous, and necessary, and right.' In my acceptance of that felicitous definition (adds he), I request the reader to understand that everything which is right is intended, and nothing but what is perfectly so; that is to say I mean every possible accommodation conducive to health and comfort. It should be large enough for my friends, and not so large as to serve as a hotel for my acquaintance." And what the poet adds, about dress, reveals a principle equally applicable to parlors and bedrooms: "I would not wear my coat quite so threadbare as I do at present; but I would still keep to my old shoes as long as they would keep to me."

There is in all this no cynical contempt of elegance, but only a more refined luxury. Where modern invention has added to real comfort, as in warming, lighting, baths and the like, let every such appliance be adopted; but not a niche or a spangle for simple display, or because it is Parisian. Within certain bounds and where the "keeping" of the picture is maintained, no objection lies against a graceful imitation of antiquity; especially where massive irregularity and generous freedom remind one of manorial halls. Not long since I visited the new house of a friend, and was delighted to find myself in a spacious apartment, wainscotted, on every side with unpainted oak, and with all the furniture to correspond; it is impossible to describe the air of warm homeliness which this breathes over everything in the room. But the beauty of it was that it was after no prevalent city-mode. More than common patience is required, to look with equanimity on the frail, trumpery objects, which occupy the floors of many gorgeous saloons, making them resemble a tiny museum, or a child's fair. If you have articles of virtue, by all means let them be seen; but prudence do not rush to a fancy-store and buy, as if by *reciproc*, five bits of Bohemian glass, *item* a Swiss cottage; *item* a Sevres vase, and three Berlin shades; only because Mrs. B. has the same. The rivalry of ornamentation tends to introduce much that is perishable, both in architecture and furniture; whereas, the most pleasing associations of a home, a mansion, a resting-place, gather round what is permanent, and what can become gracefully old.

The bane of comfort is Fashion. If fashion import what is intrinsically good, none but a fool would reject it, because it is fashionable; but how little original thought is brought to bear upon these matters! A little independence would work wonders, inside and outside. The man of wealth will have his paintings, his greenhouse, and his garden; but if he is at the same time a man of taste, he will cause you to see the impress of his own mind, on every particular; and many a deviation and irregularity and old-fashioned crotchets, will show you that he does not follow, but that he gives, the tone. You know in a moment, when you enter a library, for example, whether it is meant to be read. I could name elegant repositories, so named, where the books might as well be gilt and lettered backgammon-tables. The genuine study or book-room (if I may use one of the expressive Anglo-Saxon words which we have lost, i. e., *Boc room*) always has a certain slipshod reality about it. So there are sitting-rooms, where you know in your heart there is no sitting, except when visitors come;—you would as soon think of taking your ease in an ice-house. O the wretched hypocrisy of mammonism! These things are of a piece with the white kid gloves which the dry goods clerk strains over his knuckles, once or twice in the year; well enough, "Experimentum in corpore vili." But when the same folly is shown in costly edifices, reconstruable, we are indignant.

After all, I have no right to talk thus. Let me remember the adage, "Bachelor's wives, &c. I never had, nor do I expect ever to have, a house of my own."—Newark Sentinel.

Natick, Sept. 19.
P. S. I have had to rely for the above narration on my own memory, carefully compared with that of others. I think it is correct, even to individual expressions. Should I have mistaken any fact, or should any one have interesting anecdotes in reference to Levi Franklin, I should be happy to have him write me.

HOUSES AND FURNITURE.
Having been sometimes permitted to peep into the habitations of the great, and to contemplate the vast outlay which men of means bestow on architecture, furniture and ornament, I have had many thoughts about the degree in which genuine comfort is increased by all this labor and expense; and the result is (it will doubtless be thought the prejudice of a plebeian) that wealth and fashion are not sufficient to secure the realities of a delightful home. It is not true, that whenever we sit down to imagine a dwelling of unmingled excellence, in which one might wish to live and die, we figure to ourselves not so much a bright, elegant, spotless, right-lined, symmetrical, lofty, lacquered, varnished, gilded mansion, as one that is roomy, warm, airy, easy, convenient, even at the risk of being somewhat irregular? Into the ideal of a homestead, there always enter, as constituents, the notions of comfort and snugness. A house, as well as a habit, may be too fine. As the man of true politeness is he in whose presence you feel perfectly at your ease, so the house you love to enter, is that in which you lose all constraint at the door. Compare the palace of a parvenu, where you scarcely dare to tread on the Turkey-carpet or sit down on the velvet fauteuil, or apply a poker to the brilliant grate, with a fine old country-mansion of a hereditary manor, in which the glossy furniture is dark with age, and the capacious fireplace sheds its ruddy light on guests, whose fathers sat there with Washington, the Livingstons, and men of the Revolution. True, no planning and no expense can create qualities which belong to age; but much can be accomplished by preferring use and convenience and noble hospitality, to the fashion of the hour.

Some of the flagrant errors of modern houses arise from the practice of consigning the whole plan and details to builders, interior decorators, and cabinet-makers: the result being a toyshop glitter. With all the egregious follies of the late King of Bavaria, he has never been refused the character of a man of taste in the fine arts; and this he never displayed more happily than in his order to the director of his new palace: "Let there be no upholstery." It is impossible to infuse such ideas into the head of a man who measures everything by dollars; for what is his house with its contents, but a public advertisement of his means? A noble old tree, a broad inviting hall, a suite of irregular but tasteful chambers, cannot be bought or bespoken, like *scagliola*, marble and mouldings. In the life of ATTICUS, the friend of Cicero, and the arbiter elegantiarum of his day, Cornelius Nepos has given one or two fine traits, germane to my subject. Though Atticus was a monied man, he was far from being given to

buying or building; *nemo illo minus fuit emax, minus edificator*; yet he lived in the best style, and had everything of the best about him. He inherited from his uncle a house on the Quirinal, which was remarkable not so much for its architecture, as its grove; *non adificia, sed silva*. It showed more taste than cost; *plus salis quam sumus habebat*. No changes were made of mere show. Let me add, though, by way of digression, there were in that mansion a number of literary slaves, good readers and judges of books; indeed there was not a body-servant who had not these accomplishments. Something of the same mind was in the late poet Southey. "I would," says he, "either buy a house to my mind, or build one; and it should be such as a house ought to be, which I once heard a glorious agriculturist define, 'a house that should have in it everything that is voluptuous, and necessary, and right.' In my acceptance of that felicitous definition (adds he), I request the reader to understand that everything which is right is intended, and nothing but what is perfectly so; that is to say I mean every possible accommodation conducive to health and comfort. It should be large enough for my friends, and not so large as to serve as a hotel for my acquaintance." And what the poet adds, about dress, reveals a principle equally applicable to parlors and bedrooms: "I would not wear my coat quite so threadbare as I do at present; but I would still keep to my old shoes as long as they would keep to me."

There is in all this no cynical contempt of elegance, but only a more refined luxury. Where modern invention has added to real comfort, as in warming, lighting, baths and the like, let every such appliance be adopted; but not a niche or a spangle for simple display, or because it is Parisian. Within certain bounds and where the "keeping" of the picture is maintained, no objection lies against a graceful imitation of antiquity; especially where massive irregularity and generous freedom remind one of manorial halls. Not long since I visited the new house of a friend, and was delighted to find myself in a spacious apartment, wainscotted, on every side with unpainted oak, and with all the furniture to correspond; it is impossible to describe the air of warm homeliness which this breathes over everything in the room. But the beauty of it was that it was after no prevalent city-mode. More than common patience is required, to look with equanimity on the frail, trumpery objects, which occupy the floors of many gorgeous saloons, making them resemble a tiny museum, or a child's fair. If you have articles of virtue, by all means let them be seen; but prudence do not rush to a fancy-store and buy, as if by *reciproc*, five bits of Bohemian glass, *item* a Swiss cottage; *item* a Sevres vase, and three Berlin shades; only because Mrs. B. has the same. The rivalry of ornamentation tends to introduce much that is perishable, both in architecture and furniture; whereas, the most pleasing associations of a home, a mansion, a resting-place, gather round what is permanent, and what can become gracefully old.

The bane of comfort is Fashion. If fashion import what is intrinsically good, none but a fool would reject it, because it is fashionable; but how little original thought is brought to bear upon these matters! A little independence would work wonders, inside and outside. The man of wealth will have his paintings, his greenhouse, and his garden; but if he is at the same time a man of taste, he will cause you to see the impress of his own mind, on every particular; and many a deviation and irregularity and old-fashioned crotchets, will show you that he does not follow, but that he gives, the tone. You know in a moment, when you enter a library, for example, whether it is meant to be read. I could name elegant repositories, so named, where the books might as well be gilt and lettered backgammon-tables. The genuine study or book-room (if I may use one of the expressive Anglo-Saxon words which we have lost, i. e., *Boc room*) always has a certain slipshod reality about it. So there are sitting-rooms, where you know in your heart there is no sitting, except when visitors come;—you would as soon think of taking your ease in an ice-house. O the wretched hypocrisy of mammonism! These things are of a piece with the white kid gloves which the dry goods clerk strains over his knuckles, once or twice in the year; well enough, "Experimentum in corpore vili." But when the same folly is shown in costly edifices, reconstruable, we are indignant.

After all, I have no right to talk thus. Let me remember the adage, "Bachelor's wives, &c. I never had, nor do I expect ever to have, a house of my own."—Newark Sentinel.

MUSIC OF THE PACIFIC.
No one can be in Monterey a single night, without being startled and awed by the deep, solemn crashes of the surf as it breaks along the shore. There is no continuous row of the plunging waves, as we hear on the Atlantic seaboard; the slow, regular swells—quick pulsations of the great Pacific's heart—roll inward in unbroken lines, and fall with single grand crashes, with intervals of dead silence between them. They may be heard through the day, if one listens, like a solemn undertone to all the shallow noises of the town; but at midnight, when all else are still, those successive shocks fall upon the ear with a sensation of inexpressible solemnity. All the air, from the pine forests to the sea, is filled with a light tremor, and the intermingled beats of sound are strong enough to jar a delicate ear. Their constant repetition at last produces a feeling something like terror. A spirit worn and weakened by some scathing sorrow, could scarcely bear the reverberation.—Taylor's California.

For the Herald and Journal.

WHERE "MUSICAL TASTE" COMES FROM.

In a place of worship, it ought to come from a devout person, and such only are of a fit "taste" to select appropriate tunes. But we hear no solemn tunes sung now-a-days, or scarce none. The flippant or yankee doodle style, has taken almost entire possession of choirs, lately. And although some tunes are screaming enough, I would rather hear one old fashioned tune, like China or Bangor, well and properly performed, than all the unmeaning "Bee line" stuff that talentless composers have made for twenty years past. There are a few good modern tunes, but they are remarkably few. Our tunes rejoice while repentance has just been preached, many times. This gratifies our ears. I call it very bad "taste." PRACTICE.

PRISONS AT NAPLES.
There are in the prisons at Naples, at present, no less than 40,000 political prisoners; and the opinion is, that from the crowded state of the jails, the greater number of these persons will go mad, become idiots or die.

